

Picking Lilacs

by cupcakel22

Category: Harry Potter

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Fred W., George W., OC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-14 03:33:09

Updated: 2016-04-14 03:33:09

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:23:52

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,877

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: They always make it seem like falling in love with muggles was a bad thing, but they forgot to tell you that if it wasn't for muggles that they would be extinct. It also isn't hard to be attracted to Lilac, a very strange girl Fred and George have come across.

Picking Lilacs

"Come on! Children gather 'round! You don't want to be left do you?" Mrs. Weasley shouted throughout the house as she assembled her children together. The two eldest sons, William and Charles, of Mrs. Weasley helped bring all the children together. Percy, almost a teenager, sat in the kitchen staring out the window, getting a headache from the loud noise. The two nine year old twins, Fred and George, ran around the house chasing each other while putting on their jackets and shoes. Seven year old Ron was crying about Fred and George messing around with him again even after Mrs. Weasley told them to stop, and Charles tried to calm him down. Meanwhile, Mrs. Weasley was helping her youngest child, Ginny, put on her shoes and jacket while Mr. Weasley packed the car with chairs, blankets, snacks, and water.

When the kids were ready and the car was all packed, Mrs. Weasley announced that it was time to go. "I call the window seat!" George sounded out of the house and ran to the car, Fred following after him.

"Not if I beat you there!" Fred called after his twin brother. William and Charles rolled their eyes and climbed into the farthest seats in the car, along with Percy, whom was cramped in between them. Fred and George both ended up with a window seat while both Ron and Ginny sat in the middle in car seats. Mr. and Mrs. Weasley sat up front, Mr. Weasley driving.

"Why does Fred and George get to have window seats?" Whined Ron, with

big, red teary eyes. Fred snickered at Ron and stuck his tongue out at him.

"Because dear, your car seat is in the middle and that's safest for you and your sister." Mrs. Weasley explains. Ron sniffled and wiped his eyes. Mr. Weasley began backing out of their driveway. "Bill, honey, can you check that we have everything?" Mrs. Weasley asks her eldest son. William confirms that they have everything and they began to drive away.

It was almost New Years and very close by there are going to be fireworks, and Mrs. Weasley thought it would be fun if they all went. Especially since it was free. The only people who didn't want to go was Percy and Ron, but since the rest were in a good mood, and Fred and George loves fireworks, they were dragged there anyways.

Parking along the road, Mr. Weasley, William, Charlie, and Percy helped carry the stuff in the trunk since Mrs. Weasley walked Ron and Ginny, with Fred and George running ahead, to find a place to see the fireworks. It was a large meadow, about three acres, and a good handful of people have arrived to watch. Since the Weasley's didn't do much muggle things, especially since they costed a lot of money that they didn't have, Fred and George were very ecstatic about the upcoming events. They ran and played, waiting for the fireworks to start.

While everyone was seated, waiting patiently, a tall thin woman with dark wavy hair walked through the field with her daughter, who didn't look too different from her mother. The mother looked tired and distressed, her eyes heavy from exhaustion. The little girl on the other hand, was screaming and tries pulling her arm free. The girl looked about Ginny's age with long dark brown hair that went down past her shoulders, fat chubby cheeks, and had a very small figure.

"I don't want to watch!" The little girl cried. It wasn't hard to not see the scene this little girl was causing. Everyone shrugged it off, thinking it was just a child having a fit, though.

"Sit down!" The mother strictly said to her daughter as quietly as she could while still sounding intimidating. The little girl snatched her arm back, grabbing a bottle of water, and ran off through the crowd of people. The girl made sure that she avoided the few large clumps of people while running forward. "Meet back here when it's over!" Shouted her mother, who let her go knowing she loved nature and running around would shut her up.

Soon after it went quiet, loud booming explosions of fireworks burst in the air shooting bright and vibrant colors across the sky. The Weasley's stared up in awe, Ron still crying and complaining about something. Ginny pointed up excitedly with her twin brothers. The rest just watched peacefully while keeping Ron company.

Fred nudged George and whispered sneakily, "Hey, wanna get a closer look?" He wore a devious look, and George looked back, knowingly, and nodded. They both got up and told their mum that they were going to run around. She told them to stay close, and Fred and George ran forward to get a closer look at the fireworks. The boys ran farther and farther, closer and closer, until they saw lines of fireworks lined up in front of them. They stretched on for miles! All the way

on one side were business men lighting them up, and the twins decided to stay away from them.

The twins raced to the other side of the line, looking up in the sky to watch the beautiful colors. From not watching where he was going, ahead of Fred, George tripped over a rock and landed face first in the grass. Fred looked back and blinked for a minute before laughing at George, who stumbled to his feet. That's when they turn their heads to see the little girl who made a scene earlier leaning over one of the fireworks and pouring water over it.

"Hey! What are you doing?" Fred called out, but the girl didn't react. She acted as if she didn't hear him at all. George went up and leaned over the girl to watch. The girl stopped momentarily to look up at the boy peering down at her.

"May we join you?" He asks nicely. The little girl raised an eyebrow and put her water bottle down.

"You want to ruin the firework show too?" She asks quietly, and George sat down beside her, legs criss-crossed. Fred walked over and knelt down on the other side of the girl.

"Is that what you're doing?" He asked, more rhetorically, and the girl ignored him again. She picked her water bottle back up and dabbed water on her fingertips before rubbing it along the string of one of the fireworks. "I think they're pretty." Fred added.

The girl shot up angrily and faced the boy next to her. "They are NOT pretty. They are polluting the sky, and if the sky gets the polluted all the stars will be gone." She spat bitterly, her cheeks red. Fred's face turned soft and sad.

"That's what fireworks do?" He asks her with an upset tone, the girl nodding at him. Fred looked up at another exploding firework. "I never thought of it like that..." He said quietly as he watched. George did too, now feeling bad since he also didn't want the stars to go away. The girl continued out her plan as the boys sat sadly and quietly.

"I always thought fireworks made more stars..." Said Fred suddenly, interrupting the silence. The girl froze suddenly again, slowly putting down her water bottle, and just as slowly, looking up at Fred with wide puppy dog eyes. Her eyes were a deep sea shade of blue, vibrant and alive, and her lips were thin and red.

"Wha?" She murmured, looking confused and surprise. Fred smiled kindly and nodded, looking up at the sky as another firework shot in the air, and the girl looked up as well.

"Yeah! See? New stars!" Fred pointed happily at the blasted colors and fog in the sky. The girl stared, her mouth agape, and looked admiringly at the sky. She was silent, sitting upon her knees excitedly. Fred and George glanced at each other, then at the girl and smiled.

"I'm Fred."

"I'm George," The twins introduced, but the girl didn't look at them. She didn't acknowledge their presence at all as she stared at the

sky, still awestruck by the sight. She sat down on her bum and turned around to find people, mostly children, twirling around bright sparklers. The girl tilted her head.

"Do those make stars too?" She asks to Fred without looking at him. Fred turned and also watched the children play with the items.

"Baby ones." He replies simply. The girl nodded and remained quiet, watching the people draw out new ones and light them again, watching it sparkle.

"Do you think they'll grow up to be big stars?" She asks him, and Fred looked at her, who didn't look at him back, and shrugged.

"Yeah, that would make sense." He said, knowing that all babies grow up to be adults, and so it had to apply to stars too. It was quiet again, and Fred watched the girl stare at the sparklers then back up at the stars several times.

"I want to make stars too..." She finally said very quietly. Fred looked perplexed and looked at George, who shrugged. Out of the blue, George shot up.

"I'll be right back!" He called before disappearing back into the crowd. Fred looked even more confused, but decided to wait for his brother to return, for he trusted him. When George came back he had a wand in his hand and wide smile plastered on his face. "I stole Charlie's wand."

Fred's confused face turned into a large smile as he took the wand from George. The girl, looking very confused, looked at Fred. Without saying a word, Fred pointed the wand to the sky and bright sparks flew out of it. The girl jumped and her jaw dropped to the floor, more surprised and excited than she had ever been.

"How did you do that?!" The girl screeched painfully, and snatched the wand out of Fred's hand. Fred was taken aback from the wand being snatched, but he smiled and shrugged.

"Magic?" He answered matter-of-factly as if such question was ridiculous to consider.

"Magic?" She asked back, bewildered.

"Magic." He stated again, now just as confused.

"Mumma says there is no such thing as magic." The girl stated, twirling the long piece of stick that the boys called 'Charlies wand' with her hand. Fred arched his eyebrow and tilted his head.

"Why would she say that?" He asks, and the girl shrugged before handing the wand back to the boy.

"What else can you do with that?" She asks. Fred graciously takes his wand back and twirls it around his fingers, looking overly confident.

"A lot of things, but I haven't used this much-"

"What is it?" The girl interrupted, on her knees again, and looking at Fred and the wand like it was alien, because it was.

"A wand, I already told you-"

"And that's where the magic comes from?" She interrupts again, and Fred nods.

"Yes, but I haven't been to school yet-"

"You haven't been to school?" The girls asks, even more baffled than before. "I go to daycare now, but mumma said I get to go to primary school next semester, four months before my sixth birthday." She rambled. Fred tilted his head at her, not understanding what she was talking about. Must be a muggle thing, he decided.

"Oh, well, in two years when I'm eleven I'm gonna go learn how to use this," Fred holds up the wand, "and other magic. But, I also can do this." Fred points the wand at the girls' water bottle and it stubbornly lifts in the air, water spilling a bit in the grass. The girl yelps and smiles, amazed at his trick. George looks surprised and jealous.

"When did you learn that?" George asks his brother, in which Fred shrugs with a sly smile.

"Read in a book." He replied smugly.

"What ARE you?!" The girl asks Fred, completely ignoring George, a look of pure shock on her face.

"A wizard." He says flatly, looking confident and cool. The girl's look of shock turned into an adoring smile. "When I go to school and learn more magic I'll show you other tricks." He proposes and the girl nearly jumps on him. She was very close to him, and Fred backed away a few inches.

"Really?!"

"Yeah, really." He promises with a warm smile. The girl smiles back and looks up at the sky again.

"Can you make more stars?" She asks, and without any sound, he does exactly that. He shoots multiple colored sparks into the sky again and the girl giggles happily. All three of them just sit and watch the fireworks, slowly, they could see the workmen getting closer, but they didn't seem to notice them.

"I wish I could have a star..." The girl says quietly up at the sky, secretly hoping that the boy could work some magic for her. "So, it would never be dark again." She finished, and Fred looked down at her.

"Is it dark for you a lot?" He asks her, and the girl just nods, still staring up at the sky sadly. Fred scrunches his face as he thinks of something to give her since he thought she deserved to have something. He turned to George who just looked at the girl with pity. Fred sighs and looks at the girl, ready to tell her he wished there was something to give her, when he notices a necklace hidden under her coat.

"What's that?" Fred asks, pointing at the chain. The girl looks down in confusion at whatever's on her, but she didn't find anything unusual.

"What's what?" She pats herself down.

"What's this," Fred poked the chain, and the girl pulled it out so it's hanging over her coat. It was a star on the necklace. The whole necklace and chain was a bright silver and in black carved writing in the middle of the star it said her name and date of birth, Lilac Goodwin Jan. 24, 1982. "You've got a star!"

"My grandmother gave it to me when I was born..." Lilac says softly, gliding her thumb softly over her name engraved in the silver star.

"Here, let me see it." Fred insisted, getting up and undoing the necklace, laying it in his palm. He then sits back down where he had been sitting. George looks at him, baffled.

"What do you reckon you're doing with that, mate?" Fred's brother asks. Fred smiles softly and points the wand at the piece of jewelry. He had no clue if it was going to work, but it was worth a try.

"You'll see." Said Fred as he bit his lip and sent the spark at the necklace. You could see the light absorb into the the star, and slowly, it started turning into a pretty gold. The star shone brightly for a minute before settling in its new color. With sheer confidence, Fred got back up and went around Lilac where he carefully placed the necklace around her neck again.

"There. Now whenever you feel it's dark, the star will glow so it'll never be dark again." He said kindly. Silently, Lilac looked down and thumbed the new jewelry around her neck. She never saw much significance with it, and now it meant everything to her. Now that she thinks about it, her grandmother is probably what made her so interested in stars. Lilac just stared at the necklace, in awe, too happy to think of anything to say.

"Hey! What are you kids doing there?" Yelled a largely built man with a flashlight. Quickly the three of them stood, and two of them started running, Lilac looking terrified. Fred turns around to see what the men were doing to see Lilac just standing there. Taking her hand, Fred drags her with him and his brother, leaving the half empty water bottle to rot next to the fireworks. I guess it's up to the men to find out what she had done to the fireworks they had paid for.

While running, knowing when they get back they'll have to part, she decides to ask. "Are you going to be here next year?" Fred didn't look back as he was concentrated on not getting in trouble.

"I dunno... Probably not." Fred realizes, saddened by the fact he might never see this girl and show her the magic he learned like he promised. Lilac just nodded and said nothing else, but she held her necklace as Fred dragged her to safety. When the men were out of sight, and fireworks were booming louder than before, the three kids stopped to say their goodbyes.

Lilac just hugged Fred and stared at George for awhile before running off back to her mother. The twins just smiled and watched her disappear before starting to walk back to their family.

"You like her." George teases with a small smirk.

"Do not." Fred responds immediately.

"Do too. I saw everything. You can't deny." George pestered.

"Girls are gross." Fred says bluntly.

"You're gross." Says George, and the twins laugh. They spend the rest of the wonderful show with their family, who hasn't questioned what they were doing all that time.

End
file.